

***The Colony***  
**A new work by Galen Roth**

Honors Thesis  
Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of  
Bachelor of Arts with Distinction in Theatre  
and with Honors in the Arts and Sciences  
in the Colleges of the Arts and Sciences of  
The Ohio State University

**By**

**Galen Roth**

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**The Ohio State University**

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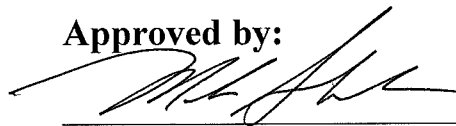
**Thesis Committee:**

Professor Mark Shanda, Theatre

Professor Amanda Fox, Theatre

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**Approved by:**



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Mark Shanda, Chair/Professor

**THE COLONY-a new work by Galen Roth**

*Originally performed in the New Works Lab in the Drake Theatre Union, The Ohio State University – Columbus, Ohio on May 8<sup>th</sup>, 9<sup>th</sup>, and 10<sup>th</sup> 2009.*

**Author / Director**.....Galen Roth  
**Artistic Director**.....Chris Roche  
**Script Facilitator**.....Bernhard Malkmus  
**Lights**.....Kevin Duchon  
**Stage Manager**.....Andrea Schimmoeller

**Cast:**

**Morris**.....Jessi Biggert  
**Angela**.....Jessica Studer  
**Karen**.....Barbie Papalios  
**Evan**.....Ben Sostrom  
**Artie**.....Mark Hale, Jr.  
**Melody**.....Kelsey Bates  
**Guitarist / New Music**.....Chris Ray

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*The set is divided into seven areas: one room each for Angela, Artie, Karen, Melody and Morris. Karen's room is in the center, with the others circled around it. The remaining two areas are a small alcove representing a closet, and another small area in front of Karen's room, which is the entrance to the Colony. All along the walls of the entire space are pictures: photographs and paintings. They are facing backward, for now. As the audience comes in, the artists all lay down a floor pattern in their respective areas. As they finish, Angela goes around and connects all the floor patterns, while the artists do their work. This goes on for a while, so we get the feeling of an existing, working community.*

*Bookend i*

*Morris crosses to Angela's room. Angela is blind, her eyes covered by gauze.*

Morris: I need your help.

Angela: I hate doing this for you.

Morris: I can't imagine why.

Angela: Don't get smart with me. With everyone else, it's all animals and sunshine and rainbows and flowers and flying. I get the odd falling or stuck-in-slow-motion dream, but none of them ever compare to the warping that is your unconscious mind. I don't know how you go on living day-to-day with those images in your head.

Morris: It makes the waking world appear so much less terrible.

Angela: You really frustrate me, you know that? But if you really do think this place is so terrible for you, maybe you should just stay asleep.

Morris: But then we'd never get the chance to see each other.

Angela: Whatever. Let's just get this over with. Tell me what happened.

Morris: I'm a bit fuzzy on the details.

Angela: You leave that to me.

*She holds Morris in her hands as she "reads" the dream. Lights change as we see Morris go to her area and change her floor pattern.*

Angela (cont.): What are you up to? What are you doing?

*Morris has changed not only her floor pattern, but her connection to the others, as well. She goes back to Angela, and the lights come back to their original color.*

Angela: I don't know what you're up to, Morris, but I wouldn't go through with it if I were you.

Morris: What does it mean?

Angela: I can't see everything.

Morris: (*playing with Angela's tape*) You can't see anything. What does it mean?

Angela: It means you're attempting things that shouldn't be tampered with (*taking back her tape*). But if you're dead-set on going through with it, you better make sure it's what you want. You're at a point of no return.

*Morris goes back to her room.*

*Act I*

*Scene 1-Night. Autumn.*

*Karen lies, asleep, on her couch. The radio drones on - sounds of the weather report:*

DJ1: As for your weekend, it looks like it could be a wet one. There are some heavy-looking clouds off the coast.

DJ2: Yeah, I know you're used to the rain, Seattle, but this looks like it could be a ton of water in the next day or so. Probably tomorrow night or really early in the morning.

*Evan rings the buzzer to be let in. Karen wakes and groggily goes to get him.*

Karen: Finally!

*She turns on the lights.*

Karen: (*opening the door*) Evan!

Evan: Karen! Karen Love.

Karen: How was your flight? All in one piece?

Evan: I went Greyhound. I hate flying in the states. You meet so many more interesting people on the buses than you do flying.

Karen: And that would be why you wanted to take the taxi instead of having me pick you up?

Evan: Yeah - I can't pass up the opportunity to talk to a taxi driver! Paid off, too. He told me some great places to check out.

*Karen takes his coat and hangs it over a chair. Evan drops his stuff by the couch as He and Karen go to sit on it.*

Karen: I could've told you.

Evan: Hey, I'll want to see where you have your fun, too. We didn't get a chance to really go out the last time I swung through. I doubt you'd know the same places he did, though.

Karen: You'd still trust a taxi driver's advice?

Evan: Bound to lead to some fun!

Karen: Still don't care much for playing it safe, do you?

Evan: I don't worry about much, nope - and what do you have against taxi drivers?

Karen: Nothing, I guess. So was the bus ride worth it, too?

Evan: Yeah, I met a few characters.

Karen: And people here think I'm outgoing. You're going to have this city by the balls.  
(*She moves closer to him.*)

Evan: I'm hoping. I've never been outside home for very long. I mean, I've traveled a lot, but I've never *lived* somewhere else.

Karen: I can't believe you're worried about that. You'll be fine. Just wait until you get acquainted with the city.

Evan: Yeah, at least I already know some people here. If there's ever a place I could call home, it'd be here. Oh! Before I forget!  
*He rummages around in his backpack. He pulls out a beautiful marionette.*

Evan (cont.): I got this for you while I was over there.

Karen: Oh, wow. It's beautiful.

Evan: You like it?

*She turns it over in her hands and admires it.*

Karen: I love it.

-You're really planning on staying put for a while?

Evan: Yeah, I decided I needed a steadier source of income if I wanted to keep living the way I do. I figure I'd sacrifice travel for fun. I've been around a few times, and the fun is always the same, no matter where you end up. Let's just hope I don't get bored with the same few million people in the city!

Karen: That's the Evan I know. Plus, you'll have me around... *(She moves even closer.)*

Evan: I guess that's true. *(He moves away.)*

Karen: I'm starting to think you don't like me.

Evan: Sorry! I'm just starting to realize what staying here would mean.

Karen: One-track mind. If I didn't know you as well as I do, I'd say you were missing out on life.

Evan: I'm not completely oblivious.

Karen: I don't know. I think you might be.

*Karen leans in close, her face inches away from his. Evan leans away; she leans with him until he can't move back any farther. She laughs at him and gets up.*

Karen (cont.): Not that it matters, you always get what you want...and if you don't want it, it doesn't matter.

Evan: Hey, hey, hey. I just got here. You're in a weird mood.

Karen: Sorry, I'm just excited to see you. You don't know how good it is to have a familiar face around here.

Evan: Same here.

Karen: Though, you don't look the same as I remember.

Evan: How do I look? Well-traveled? Wise in the ways of the world? Like I've been to the ends of the Earth and back?

Karen: No.

Evan: Oh.

Karen: You always looked that way. You always had that look of someone who's been places.

Evan: Then what's different?

Karen: Oh, I don't know. Nevermind. My mind's been playing weird tricks on me like that lately. Tell me stories about where you've been since the last time I saw you.

Evan: When was the last time I saw you?

Karen: About 6 months ago, when you were passing through. You came back from Cancun and were on your way to Europe, I think. I bet you've got amazing pictures.

Evan: Oh, you have no idea. (*He reaches for his bag and pulls out a photo album.*) Let's see...the photographic journal of Evan...when last we left our hero, he was leaving for Europe. (*Flipping through the pages.*) And there we are just before I left for the airport.

Karen: Before your aversion to planes, I'm guessing?

Evan: Nah, I was just in a hurry to get to Europe. Here's the airport. Here's me getting into Heathrow. Terminal 5. Crazy place. Here's the taxi ride to the hotel. Here's the hotel. Here's my room...

Karen: Give me that. (*She takes the album.*) You take too many pictures.

Evan: No such thing.

Karen: I swear you've got a frame-by-frame depiction of your trip here. You could make a flip-book outta this. Let's get to the good stuff.

*Artie, Melody, Morris, and Angela turn over some of the backward facing photographs: Heathrow Airport. Buckingham Palace. The Eiffel Tower. The Louvre. Tulips and Windmills in Holland. The Berlin Wall. The Canals in Venice. The Running of the Bulls in Spain.*

Karen: You didn't.

Evan: What? The bulls? Oh sure.

Karen: Wow. It looks like you got everything in here. How in the world do you get the money to do all this?

Evan: You're looking at it. People love my pictures. I developed them myself in the bathtubs and sinks in the hotels. Bidets were helpful too.

Karen: Gross.

Evan: That's actually another reason I don't like to fly. It's easier to get around if you don't try to get through airport security with a ton of chemicals.

Karen: Makes sense. What other pictures did you take? Any favorites?

Evan: *(Flipping through the pages for her.)* Let's see. Switzerland! I loved that place.

Karen: Really? It's just farms and mountains and no cities, isn't it?

Evan: You can have fun outside the city, you know; there's still people.

Karen: You mean girls.

Evan: And chocolate!

Karen: What is this a picture of?

Evan: *(Taking the album from her quickly.)* You weren't supposed to see that! I thought I took all of those ones out...!

Karen: *(Laughing)* Oh, gross! Why would you take a picture of that?

Evan: She asked me to!

Karen: I can't believe you, Evan!

Evan: She said she wanted me to remember her!

Karen: She knew you wouldn't otherwise, hm?

Evan: Come on, you know I'm not like that.

Karen: Oh, do I?

*She plays with the marionette, making it dance in Evan's face.*

Karen (cont.): 'Look at me; my name's Evan! You want me to take your picture? I'll make you famous!'

*She lifts up the marionette's dress.*

Karen (cont.) Whoo!

Evan: Your hand. You're bleeding.

Karen: Huh? Oh. Oh! *(She goes and grabs a tissue and holds it around her finger.)*  
Weird. I didn't even feel it.

Evan: I must've given you a paper cut. I hate those; they always itch like crazy for me.

Karen: Don't worry about it. Really, I don't feel anything...

*Morris enters the room.*

Morris: I thought I heard voices. Is this the visitor we've been hearing so much about?

Karen: Yeah. Morris, this is Evan. Evan - Morris.

Morris (*simultaneously*): Pleased to meet you.

Evan : Nice to meet you.

*Evan holds out his hand to shake. Morris doesn't take it. Morris doesn't look pleased. Evan doesn't look like he thinks that this really is nice. Morris notices what Evan is holding.*

Morris: Pictures. No...not pictures. Photographs.

*She takes the album and goes to sit on Karen's couch while she looks at them. She notices the marionette and sits on the opposite side of the couch. Evan looks quizzically at Karen. She waves Morris' oddity off.*

Evan: Yeah...developed them myself. Oh, that reminds me! Karen, would there be a fairly big-sized closet I could use for a little? And a few buckets or pans? I found the roll of film that had pictures of us the day before I left.



Karen: Sure. The one in the hall is pretty big. We don't really use it, so there's plenty of room in there. Well, for a closet. Don't you need a special red light bulb-thingy, too?

Evan: Got one of my own. Is there a light fixture in there?

Karen: I think so. Would a desk lamp work if there isn't?

Evan: Yeah, it should! I'm excited to see how the pictures of us turned out.

Morris: Mundane sightseeing attractions.

Evan: What?

Morris: (*Flipping through quicker.*) You didn't go anywhere. You didn't do anything. (*He stops.*) Well, except for the Swiss. (*He hands the album back to Evan.*) I'll show you Europe.

*Morris leaves to get a few canvases.*

Evan: Weird. What's she going to show us?

Karen: Oh, probably some paintings. She's very talented. But very, um, disturbed. Even more so recently...ever since she started working on her "masterpiece." She's been working on it for some time, now. I wonder how much longer it'll be before she's done.

Evan: Well, why don't we go and have a look at the progress?

Karen: We can't. She won't let anyone see it until it's finished. She's overly protective of it.

Evan: Bizarre.

Karen: The talented ones always are, aren't they?

Evan: Maybe.

Karen: Oh, give her a chance. I'm surprised she's being this friendly with you. I think she likes you.

*Evan doesn't look convinced.*

*Morris comes back with three canvases.*

Morris: Here is Europe. Our resident actress, Karen, should like this one.

*Melody turns around a painting of a balcony.*

Evan: It's a balcony.

Morris: That's not just any balcony. That's the one in Verona. Juliet's balcony. Well, supposedly.

Evan: Nice.

Karen: Oh, wow. I'd love to go there someday. It looks so beautiful.

Morris: Thank you. (*She switches to the next canvas as Artie turns over a painting of the interior of a cathedral.*) Prague. The interior of the *kostnice Sedlec*, the Sedlec Ossuary.

Karen: Are those bones?

Morris: Yes. The chandelier, the coat of arms, the artist's signature - all bone.

Evan: Nice.

Morris: (*switching to the last picture, as Angela turns over a painting of a bright day in what looks like a prison yard*)...And Auschwitz.

Karen: Auschwitz?

Evan: Yeah, the concentration-

Karen: I know what it is. Why would you paint it?

Morris: Because it was a pretty day in a pretty place.

Karen: But the stuff that happened there...

Morris: They're dead. What do they care now? You weren't this upset by the bone church in Prague.

Karen: That's different...somehow.

Morris: How is it different? Death is death.

Karen: It just doesn't sit well with me.

Morris: Besides, there need to be reminders of that sort of thing.

Karen: If you need a picture to remember that...

Morris: How can you remember it? Have you ever seen it?

Karen: No.

Morris: You have now.

Evan: But it's through your eyes. It's not real. This is your depiction of 'Europe.'

Morris: And?

Evan: It's a little morbid.

Morris: Eh, I gave it a little love to start off with.

*Karen and Evan aren't convinced.*

*Artie and Melody come into Karen's room.*

Artie: Hey, what's going on in here?

Karen: Hey! Come in! This is Evan.

*They all shake hands. "Hi"s, etc. Introductions are much friendlier this time around.*

Melody: Hi, I'm Melody.

Artie: Artie. So, the famous Evan. Karen has been talking you up for a while now.

Evan: Good things?

Melody: *(smiling)* Oh, some were good.

Karen: We didn't wake you up, did we?

Artie: Nah, we've been up.

Melody: Karen, you should've told us you were having a welcome-home party for your friend!

Karen: I wasn't. But that's a good idea. I should've had something more for you, Evan. I'm sorry. It's too late to go out, too...

Artie: I'm not really up for going out tonight, anyway. I'd rather just kick back for the rest of the night. Maybe we could hit up the town tomorrow, though!

Evan: That sounds like an idea to me.

Karen: It just doesn't feel right to not do anything tonight, though. Hang on; I should have some drinks around here somewhere, though.

*She goes to get a bottle for everyone.*

Morris: Well, that's my cue.

Artie: Aw. We just got here, too.

Morris: I'm sure you won't miss me too much. I've got to do some work finishing up my painting, anyway.

*Morris leaves. Artie goes and sticks his head out the door to make sure Morris is indeed gone.*

Artie: She's gone. Good. Chick gives me the creeps.

Melody: Aww, she tries. I think this is the best place she fits in.

Evan: So, this is an artist colony. What do you guys do?

Artie: You're sitting in it.

Evan: What?

Artie: This building. It's mine. I designed this baby. I'm an architect.

Evan: And you live here? In your creation? Trippy.

Artie: Well, I wanted some proof that I do good work.

Evan: And do you?

Artie: You tell me, hotshot.

Evan: I don't think I've been here long enough to know.

Artie: Me either!

Melody: Oh, he's just modest. This is a great place! I love it here.

Evan: What's your talent?

Melody: I play the piano.

Karen: Now who's modest? She's not only a wonderful player, but a composer as well.

Evan: Really? I'd love to hear some of your stuff.

Melody: Oh, I don't know.

Karen: Come on, Mel.

Melody: Alright. You're gonna have to make do with a capella for right now.

*Melody sings her song. It's got a nice tune, a really nice tune, actually. The words are comforting, too.*

Melody:        I can hear the waves;  
                     it's where I belong.  
                     I'm meant to hear  
                     the ocean's song.

                     Where earth, sky, and water  
                     all come together –  
                     I'll never complain  
                     about the weather.

It's not that good. Yet. It's a work in progress. But come down to the little café down the street. I play there all the time. I love seeing all the people that come through. It's right by the train station, so we get a bunch of travelers. I meant an amazing guitarist from Atlanta the other day.

Evan: I'll make sure to stop by! (*counting around the circle*) Architect. Composer. Actress. Photographer. And Painter. Anyone else?

Karen: Dream interpreter. Angela.

Evan: Really? Wild.

Artie: If you believe in that stuff.

Melody: I guess a lot of people do. She does pretty well for herself, doesn't she? And Morris seems to think she's got a real talent.

Artie: Like that gives her credibility.

Evan: Have any of you ever gone to her?

*Artie and Melody shoot glances at Karen. No one speaks up.*

Evan (cont.): Guess not.

Artie: I think it's about time I turned in.

Melody: Me too.

Evan: Alright. We're still on for tomorrow, though, right?

Artie: Yeah.

Melody: Definitely! See you tomorrow!

Artie: Guitarist from Atlanta?

Melody: (*playfully*) Yeah, he was cute!

*Artie and Melody leave.*

Evan: Did I say something wrong?

Karen: No. They're just a little uneasy about me going to see Angela.

Evan: You go to see her?

Karen: Yeah. I've been having some awful nightmares lately.

Evan: What does she say about them?

Karen: She can't figure them out. But she thinks it has something to do with the car crash I was in a while back.

Evan: You were in an accident?

Karen: Yeah, a pretty bad one.

Evan: Are you okay?

Karen: (*sarcastically*) No, I died.

-Of course I'm okay! I'm standing here, aren't I? I did get a nice scar, though.

*Karen pulls up her sleeve to show a scar running up her arm.*

Evan: Man. I had no idea.

Karen: Well, I guess that's what happens when you move around a lot.

Evan: Well, no more! I'm sticking around for a while, whether you like it or not!

Karen: (*picking up the marionette*) I think I'm gonna have to say it'll be good having you

here. I've missed you, Evan.

-Blankets and pillows are laid out for you there by the couch. Crash there as long as you want.

*She goes to her bed.*

*Evan sits on the couch. He goes to the closet, which is now a darkroom, bathed in red light. There is a low basin in front of Evan. He is developing pictures in it. He hangs three pictures on a line. They are photographs of Karen and him in the past. One of them laughing, hugging, rough-housing. The second picture shows Karen waving through the window of an airport. The final picture is zoomed in on her face. She's crying.*

*Angela inspects the floor patterns. She runs her hands over them, feeling where they go, where they intersect. She comes to Morris' area. Morris is peeling more of her pattern up. Angela tries to fix it, but Morris won't let her. Angela goes back to her room.*

Scene 2-The next evening.

*Karen is practicing a monologue. Evan is watching and listening, entranced. Karen is flipping through her script. She is a little nauseated by the words.*

Karen: Fillet of a fenny snake,  
 In the cauldron boil and bake;  
 Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
 Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
 Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
 Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
 For a charm of powerful trouble,  
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.  
 Double, double toil and trouble;  
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

...Cool it with baboon's blood,  
 Then the charm is full and good.

...By the pricking of my thumbs,  
 something wicked this way comes!  
 Open, locks,  
 Whoever knocks!

*Morris comes in, easel, paintbrush and paint in hand, startling Evan and Karen.*

Karen: I forgot I told you to come up!

Morris: Don't mind me. I just needed a change of subject.

Karen: So we get to see your masterpiece, then?

Morris: Soon enough.

Karen: Good!

*Morris starts meticulously painting Karen as she flips through and finds another passage. Evan recovers and resumes staring while Karen goes about practicing. Unfortunately for her, this one isn't very pleasant, either. Meanwhile, Melody has sneaked into Morris' room, Artie close behind her, trying to get her to come back out of the room, and also keeping watch. She defies Artie and continues into the room. As Karen practices this next monologue, Melody uncovers Morris' painting and is captivated by it.*

Karen (cont.): Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why,  
                   then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my  
                   fear who knows it, when none can call our power to  
                   account?--Yet who would have thought the old man  
                   to have had so much blood in him.

*Morris has stopped painting. Evan is still transfixed. As is Melody.*

Karen: Take a picture; it'll last longer.

*Morris goes back to work, taking careful measure of each stroke.  
 Evan picks up his camera, takes a picture, and sets it back down.  
 Morris glares at him, but continues to paint.  
 Artie urges Melody to come. Reluctantly, she covers the painting back up and goes with  
 him to Karen's room.*

Karen: Mel! Perfect timing. We're just about to head out for Evan's homecoming.

Evan: Hang on a sec. Mel, do you think photography is art?

Melody: What?

Evan: (indicating one of the pictures on the wall) Is this art?

Melody: Why wouldn't it be? It's pretty enough.

Morris: So something is 'art' if it's pretty?

Melody: Sure.

*Morris turns over one of her more disturbing paintings.*

Morris: What about this, then? Is this art?



Melody: Sure. You could hang it in a museum, or on a wall or something.

*Morris turns over a mirror and pushes Melody in front of it..*

Morris: What about this, then? Is this ‘art?’

Melody: *(smoothing out her hair)* It’s something.

Morris: But is it art?

Melody: *(smiling)* Sure.

Morris: So if it’s art if it’s ‘something?’

Melody: Why not?

Morris: *(sarcastically, turning the mirror back around)* You’re a real work of art.

Melody: Thanks!

*Morris gives up, frustrated.*

Melody (cont.): What was that all about?

Evan: Oh, nothing. You just legitimized me as an artist, that’s all.

Melody: Oh, is that all?

Karen: Alright. Are we set to head out?

Evan: Oh yeah, I’m ready to paint the town red.

Karen: Morris, you coming?

Morris: Not tonight. I just finally finished a piece today.

Karen: Not ‘the one!’

Morris: The only one I’ve been working on for some time.

Artie: You’ve been working on it forever!

Morris: It hasn’t been that long.

Evan: Then you have to come out with us! A celebration!

Morris: I don't think so.

Melody: No way. You're coming with us! You never come out with us!

*They practically drag her out the door.*

Karen: You need to unwind a bit.

Morris: I really shouldn't!

-Alright, only for a little while.

Artie: All right ! Morris getting drunk!

Melody: Are you drunk already?

Artie: Pregamed it, baby! Artie likes to party!

*They exit the space.*

*The sounds of the weather report are heard. The storm is fast approaching.*

*Thunder. Lightning. Rain.*

DJ1: The weather service has issued a flash flood warning for the Seattle area.

DJ2: Yeah, so I wouldn't sleep in the basement tonight. You might wake up wet. Or underwater.

DJ1: Always taking care of our listeners, aren't you?

DJ2: I do what I can.

DJ1: What can you do? I think you're the least helpful person I know.

DJ2: If we get flooded out, I'm going to use you as a raft.

*Angela has been feeling the patterns again. She goes to Morris' area and reaches the easel. She touches the painting through the covers. She then feels around the walls. She seems to not agree with something. She leaves quickly back to her room.*

*Scene 3-Later that night.*

*Thunder can be heard. It is raining hard.*

*Morris and Karen come back to the building. They come into Karen's room. They are both drunk and laughing uncontrollably.*

Morris: Kid doesn't skip a beat, does he?

Karen: He knows what he wants, and he gets it.

Morris: Oh, he'll get it.

Karen: What do you think he'll say when he wakes up next to *that* tomorrow?

Morris: I don't know, I just hope he's not the first thing it sees when it decides it's time for breakfast.

Karen: Did you have a good time tonight? It was partially for you, too, after all.

Morris: Actually, I did!

Karen: Speaking of which...your masterpiece! The effort of months and possibly years put into something you can see and touch...finally done!...Except it's probably still down there, covered up.

Morris: I'll unveil it next week. It'll be a huge deal.

Karen: Like anybody cares about anything that happens here. No offense. I'm sure it's an amazing piece.

Morris: People will start noticing.

Karen: You're so confident about it. Why?

Morris: I've seen it.

Karen: I have to see it!

Morris: Alright.

*Morris takes Karen and pulls her toward her gallery. Karen stops.*

Karen: Wait! I want to see it with everyone else. I can wait for a week. I'm so happy you finished it.

Morris: Well, it's not completely finished. I haven't signed it yet. I'm going to sign it at the unveiling.

Karen: That's kind of cocky, isn't it?

Morris: It'll add some flair to the whole ordeal. (*pulling her toward the gallery again*) I'd really like for you to see it first.

Karen: I'll see it soon enough. (*Pulling her out of his room*) Right now, there's something

I'd like you to see.

*Morris is torn. Karen stumbles. She goes to pick her up. Karen leans heavily on Morris.*

Karen: Come on.

Morris: (*giving in*) Alright. Time to get you to bed.

*Morris helps Karen to bed. The radio is still on. Warnings about flash floods can be heard, but Karen and Morris are focused on other things.*

Morris (cont.): I can't believe Evan isn't with you tonight. You're so much...not what he picked up.

Karen: I know. I guess I'm not his type.

*She brings her in close and...passes out.*

*Morris looks at her, then at the room. She sees the marionette. She goes over to it slowly. She carefully, fearfully picks it up. She starts to play with it. Meanwhile, Artie, Melody, and Evan have filtered in out through the darkroom/closet. They are now the storm that has been coming. They flood and ruin Morris' gallery as Angela gives the next monologue:*

Angela: 'Faith sir, we were carousing till the  
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great  
provoker of three things.  
Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and  
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes;  
it provides the desire, but it takes  
away the performance: therefore, much drink  
may be said to be an equivocator with lechery:  
it makes him, and it mars him; it sets  
him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him,  
and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and  
not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him  
in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Lights out.*

*Lights on. Time has passed, but it is still dark outside. Evan runs into Karen's room. He sees Morris on the floor and goes over to her quickly. Evan shakes her awake.*

Morris: Well, Evan, how was your night last night? Take the thing back to where it escaped from?

Evan: Morris...We've been trying to find you.

Morris: Don't look at me like that. I spent the night on her floor. Nothing happened. She was a wreck, though last night. Someone had to stay with her.

Evan: No, Morris. Thanks for that though...but it's your studio. A pipe burst.

Morris: Oh no...

*They go to the edge of Morris' studio, which has been flooded.*

Karen: You just finished that painting. Nobody will ever see it now.

Morris: I'd be the only one to ever see it. But it was never completely finished. I never signed it.

Artie: I've never seen anything like this. All your work that was in there is ruined.

Morris: Well, Flash, aren't you going to take a picture?

Evan: I don't usually take pictures of utter destruction.

Morris: This doesn't filter through your rose-colored lens? Now is a great time to broaden that narrow horizon of yours, boy.

*Evan takes a single picture.*

Melody: I saw it.

*Interlude-*

*Everyone changes their floor patterns. Morris bars off her area from everyone else, now including the darkroom in her area. Angela streams caution tape around the gallery so that no one may go in. Evan reverses his pattern away from the colony.*

*Artie sits on the floor, drawing. A noise is heard from outside. He goes to get up, but finds he is taped to the building. Light up on Melody at her piano. Artie calls out to her. She stands up to go to him, but she finds she is taped to the piano. Light up on Morris. Melody and Artie yell at Morris, as if she is to blame for this. She doesn't look at them. She holds up her arm, which is taped to her easel. Lights out.*

*Dim light on Karen's bed. Whispers of "Karen Love" beckon to her. She wakes up. She gets out of bed and the whispers get stronger. There are more voices comprising the whispers now. She follows them to where Morris' old gallery used to be. The way is covered with caution tape. Karen goes to open the door, but doesn't for some reason. The whispers fade away as the lights fade as well.*

*Act II*

Scene 1- *Three months later. Night. Winter.*

*Artie, Melody, Evan, and Karen sit on the floor in Karen's room, eating Chinese food. They are drunk.*

Evan: Oh, man. That was good. I was starving. Fortune cookie time?

*Everyone pulls out their fortune cookies and opens them. They all read their fortunes to themselves...except for Karen.*

Evan (cont.): "You have unusual equipment for success." Why do these always have double entendres?

Artie: "Exciting possibilities will reveal themselves to you when you learn to be flexible."

Melody: "Your talents will accomplish what many cannot."

Evan: Awesome. I love it. Karen, what about yours? I bet yours is hilarious.

Karen: Mine is empty.

Artie: What?

Melody: Can that happen?

Evan: Are you sure you didn't just eat it?

Karen: Yeah.

Melody: Weird.

Melody: Here, you want mine?

Karen: No, thanks, Mel.

Artie: It doesn't matter. It's Melody's fortune now. You can't just trade.

Evan: Why not?

Artie: I don't know, you just can't.

Melody: I bet you can.

Karen: Nobody would want to trade with me.

Evan: Oh well, the food was good anyway. Any ideas for tomorrow?

Karen: What about Indian food? I need something spicy.

Artie: I'm sick of ordering in all the time.

Melody: It's been forever since I've had sushi.

Artie: I need to get away from here once in a while! Karen, when are you getting a new car?

*Angela appears at the edge of Karen's room.*

Karen: I'm not sure.

Artie: Get something with four-wheel drive so we can go out during snowstorms.

Karen: Why don't you get your own car?

Artie: I never got my license.

Karen: Why not?

Artie: Never passed it.

Evan: You know what I've always wanted to do? I've always wanted someone to christen their car. I've never understood why planes and boats are the only ones to get named.

Artie: What, and break champagne over the bumper?

Melody: I'd love to do that! Can we christen your next car?

Karen: I don't know. I wouldn't even know what to name it.

Angela: I've always been partial to the name 'Cassandra.'

*Everyone is startled.*

Evan: How long have you been there?

Angela: How are you doing, Karen?

Karen: Fine.

Angela: Any more of those dreams?

Karen: Maybe.

Artie: Dreams are freaky stuff. I don't know how you can make sense of them. People's brains are such messes. You know they say you can't dream in color? I don't think I've ever noticed if I do or not.

Karen: I dream in color.

Artie: And you're not supposed to be able to read in your dreams, since reading is a left-brain process and dreaming is a right-brain process. Or something.

Evan: Yeah, I've heard that too.

Karen: I can read in my dreams.

Artie: And you're not supposed to be able to die in your dreams.

Melody: Why don't we ask our expert?

Evan: Can people see colors in their dreams?

Artie: Or read?

Melody: Or die?

Angela: Nobody's ever come to me with a question about color or something they've read in a dream.

Melody: Have you ever dreamed in color or read something in a dream?

Angela: (*indicating her blindness*) Wanna rethink that?

Melody: Oh. Well, that's sad! You've never seen color? Is everything just black?

Angela: If black is the absence of color, then yes.

Artie: Actually, white is the absence of color. Black is the combination of all colors. At least in pigments. Light is the other way around.

Angela: Fascinating. I wouldn't know.

Evan: Wait. So does she see nothing, or does she see everything?

Melody: Whoa.

Artie: Whoa.



Evan: Whoa. I just blew my own mind.

Angela: Are they always like this?

Karen: Hm? Oh, only when they're drunk.

Artie: So what about dying then?

Angela: I've never heard of anyone actually dying.

Karen: I've died in a dream.

*Everyone turns to look at Karen.*

Karen: I've died a few times. Never the same way. They've been getting more frequent lately.

*Angela goes to her. She holds Karen the same way she does Morris. Everyone else gathers around. The lights change. Karen starts a new pattern, while everyone else picks up her old one. Karen's new pattern goes straight into a wall and stops. Lights back.*

Evan: It's gotta mean something. Can't you tell her, Angela?

Angela: I'm not entirely sure what her dreams mean. This is a first for me. I'm not sure she wants to know, anyway. I'm sure she doesn't want all of you to know.

Artie: It seems weird to me that you're conscious of being dead.

Karen: I'm always surprised when I wake up. The next day is always so weird, like I'm having trouble adapting to life again. It's like I'm underwater the entire day.

Evan: That's...terrifying.

Melody: Scary, for sure.

Artie: So it's not all violet light and humming?

Karen: No.

Evan: That's *Slaughterhouse 5*, right? It's fictional; it's not real.

Artie: What is reality, though? Are the dreams reality, or is this right now reality?

Angela: Well, I think it's pretty obvious that this is Karen's reality. Otherwise, she wouldn't be alive.

Artie: Okay. Well, what if this is someone else's dream? What if it was say, Morris' dream? And these are just her rules? And she just lets us dream, and we just think that this is real?

Melody: The world would be a whole lot darker if this was Morris' fantasy.

*Morris enters the room.*

Morris: Please remember to turn off the bathroom light when you're done in there. I hate all these extra lights being on for no reason.

*She leaves.*

Evan: There'd be more death if this was her dream.

*Morris enters again.*

Morris: Oh, and Melody - your goldfish downstairs is dead. Do something about it before it starts to reek.

*She leaves again.*

Artie: What if she decided to dream about something else? What if she went to sleep and just dreamed up an entirely different world, and we were just left out? We just didn't exist anymore?

*Morris sticks her head in the room.*

Morris: Alright, would you guys keep it down? I want to get to bed.

*She goes to leave. Everyone looks at each other.*

All: No!

Artie: *(running after Morris and bringing her back into the room)* Hey, Morris, why don't you come sit with us first?

Morris: Why?

Evan: It's so early still, just talk with us for a while.

Melody: You can't go to sleep! Yet. You can't go to sleep yet.

Morris: I'm not going to drink with you.

Evan: You don't have to. Just stay up with us for a while.

Morris: Alright, but I am really tired. I'm not sure how long I'll be able to stay up with you.

Melody: We'll entertain you then!

Karen: Evan, tell us about some of the places you've been.

Evan: But I've already told you about where I've been.

*Morris yawns.*

Artie: Then tell us about the people you've met! Something! Anything!

Evan: Okay! Okay.

*Evan turns more photographs around. Pictures of people this time. He goes around, and around, faster and faster until he notices Morris.*

Evan: Well, that worked. Morris is asleep.

Artie: Yeah, but at least we're still here.

Melody: Are we?

Artie: I think so.

Karen: For now.

*Everyone goes to their areas. Evan leaves.*

*Melody plays with the marionette. Morris motions for her to share. She declines. She hums the tune of "I've got No Strings."*

*Scene 2 - Night. The Next day.*

*Angela and Morris are sitting together in Angela's room. Artie comes in.*

Artie: I want to know what's going on. Things around here are starting to freak me out.

Morris: What's wrong? Trouble in this paradise you've designed?

Artie: Shut up. You're going to tell me what it is you're up to. There are people here I need to protect, and I intend on doing it.

Angela: You should calm...

Artie: By any means necessary. I designed this place to be a place of safety. A place of

rescue. The two of you are bringing in things...I don't know what they are...forces, to you maybe. Whatever. They don't belong. You don't belong. If this keeps up, you won't be welcome here any longer.

Morris: What authority do you have? You only designed this place.

Angela: We all live here now.

Artie: You. Acting like you know everything. I'm starting to get the feeling you think you control things.

Angela: I do not. I only interpret. I only help.

Morris: Not lately you don't.

Artie: I don't think you should alienate the one person left here that will talk to you.

Morris: I think your girlfriend would feel just fine talking to me. She liked my work, from what I understand.

Artie: Shut up.

Morris: Does she talk about it? I bet she does.

Angela: Morris. Stop.

Morris: She doesn't talk about how nice it is to live here anymore, does she?

Artie: Shut up!

Morris: Maybe she'd like to have the chance to be with someone who could actually give her what she wants.

Artie: You stay away from her.

Angela: Morris, you should stop this conversation right now.

Morris: Don't you dare tell me what to do. You have no right. That flood was your fault. You know this. Shoddy design led to that pipe breaking. You cost me everything. You're lucky I haven't done anything to you yet.

Angela: You know that's not fair.

Artie: I swear to God. If you hurt one person in here, or if you even go near Melody, I will wipe you from the face of the Earth.

Morris: Go ahead and try. Mel would hate you for hurting her idol.

*Morris leaves.*

Angela: I wouldn't worry about Morris. She talks a lot. But it's just talk.

Artie: She's right, though. About everything.

Angela: She's jealous of you, you know. About everything. Your talent has real-world practicality. You have faith in your work.

Artie: I used to.

Angela: You've got love.

Artie: I doubt she loves me.

Angela: I wouldn't doubt it.

Artie: Yeah, well, what do you know?

*Artie yawns.*

Artie (cont.): Sorry, haven't been sleeping well lately.

Angela: Any dreams?

Artie: No. I don't dream.

*He leaves.*

*Karen's apartment again. Melody has been waiting in the entrance to the Colony. Evan comes in.*

Evan: Mel? What are you doing out here?

Melody: I forgot my keys.

Evan: How did you forget your keys?

Melody: I dunno...I've been kind of absent-minded lately.

Evan: How long were you out there?

Melody: Oh, I dunno...I got off at five, and it's about a five minute walk from the restaurant to here...what time is it now?

Evan: Just past six. How could you stand being out here?

Melody: (*shivering*) It's not bad. I'm thinking.

*Evan buzzes in. No response.*

Evan: About what?

Melody: My song.

*He buzzes again.*

Melody (cont.): It's no good. I think it might be broken.

Evan: (*holding in the buzzer*) Hey! Karen!

*Karen finally gets up and lets them in. Melody starts to head right to her room.*

Evan: Where are you going?

Melody: To work on my song.

Evan: I'd feel better if you stayed down here and warmed your fingers up with us for a little while before you go up there. Your fingers might snap off.

Melody: You should worry more about her. She's been going out without a jacket.

Karen: It doesn't feel cold out there to me.

Melody: You're gonna get sick!

Karen: Maybe. Maybe not.

Evan: I don't know how you'd do it. (*sniffing*) I've been sick on and off since I moved out. You're freezing, Mel, I can tell. Karen, mind if I make her something hot?

Karen: Knock yourself out.

Melody: Thanks.

*Evan goes to get Melody some coffee.*

Evan: No problem. You should take a break from that song, anyway. You're getting obsessed with it.

Melody: I know, I know...I just feel like I need to finish it.

Evan: If you keep going like this, you're gonna pop a blood vessel all over your piano.

Melody: That smells wonderful, whatever you're making.

Karen: I don't smell it.

Evan: *(sniffs)* Me either. Maybe you can just keep the song as it is. You know, own it. It sounds beautiful to me.

Karen: Or you can just scrap it altogether.

Melody: There is that.

*Evan comes back with a cup of coffee for everyone.*

Evan: Would you really consider that?

Melody: No.

- But it is nice to think about when I wasn't obsessed by it.

Karen: Just have it fade out. That's how most radio songs are anyway.

Melody: That's so cheap! And it's not just the ending. The whole thing needs...something. It needs a tweak. And I'm going to figure it out. I'm going to finish it. Soon. As soon as humanly possible. Maybe tonight. I can't just leave it unfinished. Not after what happened to Morris.

Karen: You don't sound like yourself at all. I've never seen you like this before.

Melody: I don't know what's gotten in to me. I love playing at that restaurant. I love that intimacy. But just once, I'd like a song of mine to...I don't know...be popular. Not so much for me, but just to know that people would be happy listening to something I wrote.

*Melody goes to her piano. Sounds of a diner are heard. She messes around with her song.*

Karen: So selfless. What's so great about that little restaurant?

Melody: The people I get to meet! That guitarist from Atlanta keeps coming back. He really likes my song, or at least what there was to it so far. I can't believe someone as talented as he was could be that interested by something I wrote.

Evan: *(calling after her)* Try playing something else for a while, Mel! Not that I don't love your song, but I think it would be good for you to play something else every so often!

Melody: *(calling back)* Sure, sure.

Karen: What's the over/under on her playing that song of hers? 30 seconds?

Evan: I think she'll be better than that. She'll play something else for a while.

*Melody starts playing "Ode to Joy."*

Karen: Wanna bet? 5 bucks?

Evan: I dunno...it's tempting...oh, alright, you got a bet! I've got faith in Melody.

*They go to shake on it, but before they can, Melody starts playing her song.*

Karen: Pay up!

Evan: No way! We didn't shake on it!

Karen: Oh, come on! You're not gonna be all technical about it, are you? It's not like you need the money, hotshot photographer!

Evan: Don't bring that up.

Karen: *(laughing)* What is it they call you?

Evan: Don't.

Karen: Oh yeah, Evan "Essence!"

Evan: I hate that so much.

Karen: Wait. Evan "Essence." *Evanesence!* I just got that! I've only ever seen it printed. I've never heard it said before! Oh, man, that's great. I'm not even totally sure what that means.

Evan: Vanishing, or something. I don't know. It doesn't really fit.

Karen: Hm. It fits that picture of Morris pretty well.

Evan: I know. That's why I hate it. I hate that that picture was put in the papers. I hate that everyone loved it so much. I hate that I became famous for that picture. I hate that that's the photo that defines my body of work when it's so depressing. Everything else is so much better. So much more me. I hate that I took that picture. I hate that picture.

Karen: Well, I wouldn't complain. You've got it pretty good now.

Evan: I know! I guess I can't be too upset. I mean, my own gallery! And then my own



place right across the street.

Karen: That's why you moved? To be closer to your gallery?

Evan: Well, yeah. It's been a lot easier with upkeep and everything.

Karen: I figured you just didn't like the Colony.

Evan: I'd be lying if I said I loved it. It's just so claustrophobic here. It felt like everything was closing in on me. I feel so much better out in my new place. (*sneezes*)

Karen: I don't think you should've left.

Evan: What?

Karen: (*only half-joking*) Don't you feel it? The colony calling back to you?

*Whispers of "Karen." She studies Evan's face, but apparently he hasn't heard the voices.*

Karen (cont.): I mean, we all miss you here.

Evan: All? I'm pretty sure there's one person who didn't mind me leaving.

Karen: I know, she loves working in your darkroom. I think making that workspace for her was the nicest thing anyone could've ever done.

Evan: You know what I meant. I really think we should be worried about her.

Karen: She has been getting paler for a while. She spends all his time in that darkroom. She's got a new painting.

Evan: Is she letting anyone see it this time?.

Karen: Nope. You'd think she'd change her mind after losing the last one.

Evan: Maybe it's different since it's up a level instead of in the basement.

Karen: Maybe. I guess she thinks lightning won't strike twice. She's been acting strange, though. She doesn't seem right. She's off. We can't have a conversation with her. She's just not home.

*Morris comes in and walks by Karen's room on the way to the darkroom. She's got a bag in her hand.*

Morris: The prodigal son returns.

*Evan follows her. Morris shuts the door behind her without noticing Evan is behind her. Evan opens the door a bit. The light startles Morris, who drops the bag. It's filled with needles.*

Morris: Get out.

Evan: I'm sorry. I just wanted to apologize...

Morris: Get out.

Evan: ..for how things turned out.

Morris: You need to leave.

Evan: (*picking up a needle*) Needles? Morris, I think you need help.

Morris: (*taking back the needle*) I certainly don't need it from you.

Evan: Morris, this could get serious.

Morris: Could *get* serious?

*She throws open the door to reveal the interior of the darkroom. A strong perfume filters out. Evan's photos cover the walls. Red covers those, as well as most of the rest of the room. The easel is in the middle of the room, again covered. It too is splattered red. Melody's marionette lies in the corner of the room. Evan is frozen on the spot.*

Morris (cont.): Go.

*Morris goes to push him out and close the door.*

Morris (cont.): Leave.

Evan: That's a pretty color. You shouldn't waste it on the walls.

*Morris slams the door in his face. Evan exits the Colony.  
Karen practices a monologue in front of Artie, who is sketching on the floor, furiously.*

Karen: When shall we three meet again?  
       In thunder, lightning, or in rain?  
       When the hurly-burly's done,  
       When the battle's lost and won.

*The whispers laugh. Karen tries to go on unphased.*

Karen (cont.): That will be ere the set of sun.

Where the place?  
 Upon the heath.  
 There to meet with Macbeth.

*More laughter.*

Artie: (*distracted*) Should you use his name?

Karen: What? Macbeth?

Artie: Yeah.

Karen: Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth! See? Nothing happened.

*Laughter.*

Karen: I think these dreams are getting to me.

Artie: I think I'm getting cabin fever. Do you ever get the feeling that we're not supposed to be here?

Karen: What do you mean?

Artie: This building was never meant to have people living in it. The city hired me to design a firehouse, but they switched their minds after it was built. Cheap housing downtown.

Karen: It's not that cheap.

Artie: We're not supposed to be here. I'm starting to get claustrophobic; I gotta get out of here. I miss when you used to drive us all out of the city. It'd really help if you got another car sometime soon.

Karen: (*changing the subject*) I'm starting to hear things whenever I go on stage.

*She pulls up her sleeve and scratches her scar absent-mindedly.*

Artie: Well, wouldn't that be good to some extent for an actor?

Karen: Not if I'm reacting to things that are contrary to reality.

Artie: Well, what can you do?

Karen: Stop these dreams somehow. I really think that would help.

Artie: Angela can't help?

*She notices her scar is showing and pulls her sleeve back down to cover it.*

Karen: I stopped going to see her. All she ever tells me is that my dying in dreams means I'm not supposed to be here. Or I am. Or I don't know. She doesn't know. She's usually so reliable; I don't know what's happening. She says she's having trouble figuring out Morris, too.

Artie: You know, she thinks she's being really secretive, but I've seen her popping pills.

Karen: Yeah, Evan said she had a bunch of needles.

Artie: I suppose every great artist goes through that dark stage of drug abuse, don't they?

Karen: Do you think we're great enough to get our own drug abuse stage?

Artie: I sure hope so. I could use one.

*Evan comes into the room.*

Evan: Quick! Turn on the radio! Where's Melody?

Karen: In her room, why?

Evan: Turn on the radio!

*Evan calls for Melody as Artie turns on the radio.*

Evan: Melody! Come down here! Quick! Artie, 93.9!

Melody: I'm coming, I'm coming! What?

Evan: Artie, 93.9! Are you even on FM?

*Evan runs over to the radio and tunes it himself. A rock song is heard. It is clearly Melody's song. Everyone listens in silence. The last verse that Melody sang is heard, with this addition to the end:*

Guitarist:     The tide washes me in its deepness.  
                  How could anyone be sleepless?

*The song ends.*

Karen: They're not going to say it's Melody's song? I wanted to hear them announce it...

Artie: You've been holding out on us! You made us think you were still working on it!

Evan: That wasn't her.

Artie: It wasn't?

Evan: No, it was some guy's band. I don't remember their name.

Artie: I don't understand.

Karen: The guy from the restaurant. He stole it. He took Melody's song!

Artie: What guy?

Evan: The guitar player from Atlanta. He must've stolen it when she played it for him.

Artie: We're going to find this guy. Mel, we're going to beat this guy to a pulp for you...Melody?

*Melody has been standing in front of the radio, silent. She turns around with a huge smile on her face. She goes back to her piano, taking the radio with her.*

Melody: Do you think they'll play it again? How often do you think they play it? How many times have they played it before? How many people do you think have heard it? Do you hear how great it is? The ending! It's perfect.

-I'm free.

*The music continues to play as the others move on in conversation. Morris places a package next to Karen's table and goes back into the darkroom, closing the door. Angela walks in to Karen's room.*

Angela: Well, I suppose that runs today's total of finished masterpieces to two.

Karen: What do you mean?

Angela: Morris finished her painting.

Artie: Well, I guess we should go see it, then. Shouldn't we?

*Melody comes into the room before they leave. She has the package in her arms.*

Melody: This was outside your door. Were you expecting something, Karen?

Karen: No...

*Melody sets the package on the couch. As she opens it, the same strong, sweet perfume as before permeates throughout the room. Everyone but Karen covers their mouths and*

*noses.*

Karen: What's wrong with all of you?

Melody: Don't you smell that?

Karen: It smells like strawberries.

Artie: Are you insane? It's like decay. Something is rotting!

Melody: No, I smell it, too. It's that perfume she's been wearing.

Karen: It's coming from the painting.

Melody: I think you're right.

Karen: I don't think this is paint.

Evan: What is it then?

Artie: It's not...

Karen: I think it's blood.

Artie: That is disgusting.

*Melody is fascinated, just as she was when she saw the other painting. She comes closer to it, wide-eyed, her sleeve covering her nose and mouth.*

Melody: No, look at it.

-If it didn't reek, it'd be beautiful. It's like her soul is on the canvas. I wish I could do something like this myself.

Karen: Don't think like that.

Melody: But I do, I really think this is the most wonderful thing I've ever seen.

*Evan has a sudden realization.*

Evan: The paint I saw all over the walls of the darkroom.

Karen: Artie, the pills, what did they look like?

Evan: I don't know...small, white.

Karen: Aspirin.

Artie: (*understanding, too*) Blood-thinners...She wasn't addicted to drugs. She was sober the whole time. She was sane the whole time.

Evan: (*indicating the painting*) I wouldn't say sane.

Melody: Where is she, though?

Artie: There's a note attached to it.

*Evan pulls up a piece of paper from underneath the packaging strings and reads it over. He goes white.*

Evan: We have to go. Now.

Karen: What's wrong?

Evan: (*herding everyone out the door*) No time. No time. Let's go. We've got to go find her.

Melody: (*out the door*) Where? Why? What's going on, Evan?

Evan: (*closing the door*) She's going to try to kill herself.

*Angela picks up the painting by its frame and takes it to her room. She sets it down in one chair and sits across from it. She reaches across the table to touch it, so that she might have some idea of what it must look like. She stops before she does. Morris walks through the door. She looks like she's been through Hell and back. Or, more likely, rejected from Hell.*

Morris: Angela.

Angela: Morris? Looks like they got to you in time.

Morris: Who?

Angela: Karen, Evan, Melody and Artie, of course.

*Morris looks out the door.*

Morris: There's no one but me. And you.

Angela: How did you get here?

Morris: I don't remember.

Angela: What did you do?

Morris: I committed suicide.

Angela: Not very well.

*Morris gives herself the once-over.*

Morris: Apparently not.

Angela: What do you remember? Do you remember anything?

*Morris approaches Angela. Morris puts Angela's arms around her forcefully like Angela has put them around her before. The lights change. Morris goes and rips up the last remaining pieces of her floor pattern, balls them up, and discards them.*

Morris: I didn't have anything to live for after the flood. But I wanted to leave my mark before I left.

Angela: You've been given a second chance.

Morris: No. This is no second chance. This is punishment. This is agony. This is pure pain. This is an eternal state of suffocation.

Angela: I suppose that's what you get for perverting the laws of the universe. You didn't just leave a mark, you left a scar on the world.

Morris: Tell me what my dream means.

Angela: *(indicating the painting)* You have to erase yourself. Destroying that thing is your way out of here. You don't get to leave a legacy.

*Morris goes to the painting and stares at it. She picks it up and examines it, deep in thought.*

Morris: You know, I did put an awful lot of work into this. Perhaps there is another way...

*She looks at Angela.*

Morris (cont.): Maybe all I have to do is erase the people who have seen it so far. Erase the ones who have witnessed.

*She sets the painting back down and approaches Angela.*

Angela: Morris, don't you think you've tempted fate enough for one life time?

Morris: Once more won't kill me. Or maybe it will.



Angela: You're not the killing type.

Morris: I'm not?

*She rips open her shirt, and exposes a gauze-wrapped wound in her chest right above where her heart is/was. She takes Angela's hand and presses it to the wound.*

Angela: Morris. Don't. I'm blind! I've never seen either of your paintings!

Morris: You're right. *(going over to Melody's room)* There's only one person who has seen them both.

*She closes the lid on Melody's piano. Darkness.*

*The door opens, everything remains black.*

Artie: The power is out.

Evan: You should come be with us.

Karen: Angela, are you okay?

Angela: *(noticing that she hasn't heard Melody's voice yet)* Where's Melody?

*Bookend ii*

*Karen is once again awoken by whispers calling her name. She gets out of bed and heads toward the taped-off area. Karen reaches the caution tape, but pushes through this time. The blood-painting stands in the center of the room. The voices tell Karen to break it, smash it, rip it, destroy it. She does. The voices become louder and louder. Laughter starts. Suddenly, the radio in kicks on. It is playing Melody's song. The voices stop. She finds and picks up the balled up tape from Morris' discarded pattern. She pulls up her pattern that runs into the wall, and begins to build her new pattern on the floor of her room. She pulls back her sleeve. Her scar is gone.*